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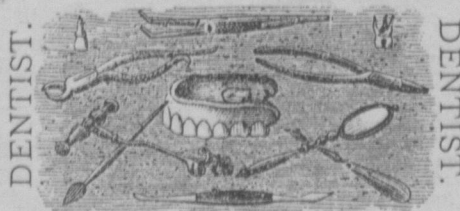
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VOLUME VII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JANUARY 24, 1878.

NUMBER 4.

POETRY.

THE STOLEN KISS.

"Oh, quit—get out—now don't you—
I really wish you wouldn't;
Oh, quit—will you? Oh, get out—
You know you ought to, shouldn't.

"Tilery now if you don't let me go—
I will, I'll declare I will—
Oh, quit now—behave—get out—
Come, now, can't you be still?

"I'll get mad, now, if you don't—
I'll play your jaws, you old—
Pop—now take that—pop—and that,
And go, and behave your self.

"There, now, you've got it—oh, he still—
You shan't have any more.
You've got—oh, take your face away—
What no man's got before.

"Once more—there—that will do. Oh, don't
You've rumbled up my hair—
If you'll but quit, I'll give you one—
Now take it—there—there—there."

STORY TELLER.

SOME ONE IN THE ROOM.

Elijah Crowley, my husband, was
owner and captain of a coasting vessel,
doing a good trade; and we occupied
an old-fashioned and somewhat dreary
house at Stepney. Elijah liked the
place more than I did, and it was on
his account that we stayed there so
long I thought it could make very lit
tle difference to him where we lived,
for he was at home only two or three
weeks out of every ten. I was often
alone two months at a time; and lone
ly enough it was sometimes.

"Get some one whom you like to
stay with you, my dear," the captain
said, when I told him one day how
unpleasant I felt to be alone so much.
"Get any one you please, and before
long I hope I shall be able to stay at
home with you myself."

I took his advice, and after some
inquiry, I found a woman who I thought
would suit me. Her name was Emily
Sands, and she was a pleasant-faced
woman of about forty. She told me
she had been left a widow with no
means, and had since earned her living
by needle work; and although I had
intended that the woman who came
every morning to do my housework
should still come, I found Emily so
handy and so willing that I soon dis
continued the services of the other.
She was so amiable and so virtuous,
that I was satisfied that I had done
the best that I could do in the matter.

"I hope so," he said doubtfully.
"And don't you think so?" I asked.
"Well, no," he replied.
"Now, I'd like to know why, Elijah.
Do you see anything wrong about
her?"

"I can't say that I do; I presume it
is only a notion; but I have in some
way conceived a kind of distrust of
her face. I can't explain it, and you had
better not be prejudiced by it."

"You may be very sure I shall not,"
I rejoined, "if it has no more founda
tion than this."

And this was all that was said be
tween us on the subject. I was too
well acquainted with the captain's sud
den whims, to attach much importance
to this one.

The captain remained at home this
time barely two weeks. On the morn
ing that he left to take his vessel for
another trip, just after he had taken up
his hat to go, he called me into his
chamber, and shut the door.

"Here is something, Fanny," he
said, "that I want you to keep safe for
me till I come back." And he took a
paper package from his breast-pocket
as he spoke. "There are ten fifty
pound notes in it—five hundred
pounds in all. I will lock it up here
in this bureau drawer, and give you
the key." And he did so. "No one
would think of coming here for
money."

"Do you think you had better leave
it here, Elijah?" I asked. "Why not
put it in the bank?"

"I meant to; but I shall not have
time. The money was only paid me
last night. But no matter, the money
will be safe where it is, and there will
be no danger about it; or if you don't
think so, you may deposit it yourself."

My husband took little thought of
possibilities, and I presume that he
never once thought of money from
the time he left the house until he re
turned. As for myself, I was not so

easily satisfied. I had heard enough
of house plunderings and outrages of
that kind to make me afraid to keep
this large amount with me. My un
easiness increased as the day wore on;
and about three o'clock the same after
noon I took the money and went to
the bank, determined to deposit it.
The bank was closed; all the banks
were closed for it was Saturday.

I took the package home again, re
placed it in the bureau-drawer, locked
it, replaced the key in my pocket, and
resolved that I would not worry any
more about it. Emily called me to tea
in a little while, and though not hun
gry, I went into the dining-room, and
sat with her while she drank her tea
and laughed and chatted in her viva
cious way.

The evening wore rather long, and
Emily and I sat together in the din
ing room after the table was cleared,
she reading aloud, and I listening, as
was our custom. When the clock
struck ten, she laid down her book;
and I took my lamp, and bidding her
good night, went up to my room.

My chamber occupied the whole
front of the second story, and Emily
had a back room upon the same floor.
A bell-wire ran from my room to hers,
so that I could summon her at pleas
ure.

I placed the lamp upon the bureau,
shaded it, and returned and closed the
door. Then I drew my easy chair to
the middle of the room, put on my
slippers, and sat down for a few min
utes before retiring. And immediately
I became vexed at myself to find that
I was looking at the drawer that held
the money, and that I was feeling in
my pocket to see that the key was safe.
I felt no alarm; I had almost cured
myself of my uneasiness; but it seemed
as if that money, and the danger of its
custody, would obtrude upon me.

In the impatience of the moment I turned
my chair half round, and looked to
wards the opposite wall. The shade
that I placed over the lamp confined
its rays within a small circle, beyond
which the bed, the furniture, the car
pet and the wall paper were obscure.
In the corner, to the right of the door,
was an antique, high back chair, a fa
vorite piece of furniture. As I turned
my own chair from the bureau, my
eyes rested on this object; and I saw
by the same glance that a human fig
ure was sitting in it!

I could not at first make out wheth
er it was a man or a woman; I only
became conscious, as I sat in bewild
ering, dumb terror, that I was con
fronted by a stranger there in that
semi-darkness—by some one who had
hidden in the room, for some object;
and what that object was I well knew.
No person who has ever been placed
in such a terrifying situation as that
can describe the sickening feeling
which for a moment takes possession
of the heart; and I can only say for
myself that I sat motionless for a time
—I knew not how long—thinking of
my helpless situation. There I was
locked up in a room alone with a ruf
fian, waiting, trembling and expecting
to hear him speak, or become the ob
ject of some violence. For although
as I have said, I could not distinguish
whether it was man or woman, I did
not doubt that it was the former, and
one of the most desperate of his kind.
And presently, as my eyes fell to the
floor, I saw a great pair of boots thrust
out upon the carpet within the radius
of the light.

I do not know how long we sat
there in the semi-darkness of the room
facing each other, but motionless and
silent; it might have been three min
utes or thirty. The thought of alarm
ing Emily suddenly occurred to me,
and I reached out for the bell-cord.
It should have been within easy reach
of the spot where I sat; but my hand
failed to find it.

A low chuckle came from the occu
pant of the chair.

"That was a clever thought of you,
missus," came forth in a deep, rough
voice, and in a tone of easy insolence.
"Clever thought, marm; but bless
your simple soul, do you think I was
going to leave that 'ere cord there for
you to make a noise with? Not by no
means. It's well to be careful when
you're in this kind of business, marm;
and when you left me alone here be

fore—I then being under the bed, you
see—I crawled out and took a survey
of the place."

My strength was returning; I be
came reassured as I saw that the man
intended no violence to myself.

"What do you want?" I asked.
He chuckled again and replied.
"Now that's good; you're a business
woman, marm; you come right to the
point without any nonsense. I'm go
ing to tell you what I want."

He rose from the chair as he spoke
and crossed the room to the bureau,
passing so close to me that his boots
brushed the skirts of my dress. I
shuddered and drew my chair back—
I could not help betraying my fear.

"Be quiet, marm," he said. "I don't
mean to hurt you, if I can help it.
Keep still, and I won't. Let's have a
look at each other."

He removed the shade, and looked at
me for full half a minute, as I sat in
the glare of the lamp. He was a large,
brawny fellow, full six feet high, and
dressed in an old suit of fustian
clothes. His face was entirely con
cealed by a crape mask; not a feature
of it could I see, from his neck to the
crown of his head. He leaned one arm
upon the bureau, and regarded me at
tentively.

"You don't know me," he remarked,
in an ordinary tone. "No, of course
not; it's best for you that you shouldn't.
I thought at first there was some
thing familiar in your face; but I fan
cy I was mistaken. Well, to business,
marm." And he assumed a sharp tone,
and looked carefully at the bureau.
"I've got a pistol here, missus"—and
he slapped his pocket; "but you're too
sensible a woman, I take it, to make
me use it on you. I want that money.
"There's five hundred pounds of it in
this drawer; you have the key—give it
to me!"

I handed it to him, without a word.
"I'll leave you now in a minute, mis
sus," he said, rapidly inserting the key,
turning it, and opening the drawer,
"with many thanks for your good be
havior. Is this it?"

He took out the package, and held
it up.

"That is the money," I said.
"She might deceive me, after all," I
heard him mutter; and thrusting his
forefinger into the end of the envel
ope, he ripped it open, and pulled the
end of the notes out into sight. "Yes,
here it is. Now——"

He had thrust the package into his
pocket, and was about to close the
drawer, when his eye was caught by
something within it. He started,
thrust his hand into the drawer, and
taking out an object that I was well
acquainted with, he bent over and scu
tinized it, holding it closer to the lamp.
How I did wish that I could see the
expression of his face at that moment!
He held in his hand an ivory mini
ature of my husband's face, a faithful
picture, and made by an artist years
before, at my request.

"Whose face is this?" the robber de
manded, in a voice that trembled with
eagerness.

"My husband's," I replied.
"Your husband's. Yes, yes—but his
name?"

"Elijah Crowley."
"Captain Crowley?" he demanded, in
the same tone.

"Yes."
"The same who commanded the bar
que Calvert, that used to run out of
Liverpool?"

I nodded my head. I knew that the
vessel named was the last one that my
husband had sailed on the ocean be
fore he bought his own coaster; in fact,
it was the same in which I came to
England.

"And this is Captain Crowley's money?
—this is his house?—you are his wife?"
he asked, rapidly, giving me no time
to answer his questions. "Yes, yes—
I see it all. Great God!—to think
what I was just about to do!"

He dropped into the nearest chair,
apparently faint with emotion; but
while I sat in deep surprise at the un
expected turn that this affair had taken,
he said: "You have no reason to fear
now; I will not rob you; I will not
harm you. Only don't make a noise.
Please open the door, and you will
find Jane—your woman, I mean—
waiting in the passage."

I obeyed; I did not know what else
to do. I unlocked the door; and there,
to my astonishment, stood Emily Sands
arrayed in her bonnet and shawl, with
a bundle in her hand, waiting, I have
no doubt, for a signal from within.
She started upon seeing me; but the
man immediately called to her by the
name of Jane, telling her to come in.
She passed by me as she did so;
and I whispered, "Oh, Emily, how
could you betray me?"

She manifested no shame or sorrow,
though I know she must have heard
the whispered words; her face was
hard and unwomanly, and its expres
sion was sullen. And I could not
doubt that she had played spy upon
my husband and myself, and had be
trayed us to this man.

"I've a very few words to say to you,
m'am," said the man; and all the
boldness and insolence had gone out
of his voice, leaving it gentle and sor
rowful. "Just a few words to ask you
to forgive us for what we meant to
do, and to tell you what has happened
to change my mind so suddenly, and
why we can't rob you, as we meant
to do."

He took the package from his pock
et with the words, and tossed it into
my lap.

"That money belongs to the man
that I love and honor more than any
other on earth. I'm a hard customer,
m'am, we live by dark ways and doings,
Jane and I; and I wouldn't have
believed when she let me in here to
day and hid me, that I could leave
the house without that money; but if
I'd known whom it belonged to, I'd
sooner have held out my right hand
to be cut off than come here as I have,
and for what I came. I used to be a
sailor, and was with Capt. Crowley in
the Calvert. He was the very kindest
and best master that ever handled a
speaking-trumpet, and there was not
a man aboard the bark but that loved
him. One night off Hatteras all hands
were sent aloft to reef in a heavy gale;
and when they came down again I was
missing. "Where is he?" the captain
asked, but none of them knew. They
hadn't noticed me since we all sprang
into the shrouds together. "Over
board, I'm afraid," said the mate; and
the men all seemed fearful that I was
lost. The captain hailed me through
his speaking-trumpet; and there came
back a faint, despairing cry, only just
heard above the piping of the storm.
Captain Crowley never ordered any one
else up; he cast off his coat and threw
down his trumpet, and went aloft
before any one could get ahead of
him. He found me hanging with one
elbow over the foreyard, and just
about to drop from weakness and
pain; for my other arm was twisted
out of joint at the elbow by a turn of
the ropes. He caught me, and held
me there till help came up from below,
and then they carried me down. It
was Captain Crowley that saved me from
a grave in the sea; and I would have
robbed him to-night.

Forgive us, madam, if you can. We
will leave you in peace. Come, Jane!"

A Table,

For those who use the Book of Com
mon Prayer.

Sunday, Jan. 20th.

The Psalter for the 20th day of the
month.

Morning Prayer.
1st Lesson—Isaiah li.
2d Lesson—John i, verse 29th.

Evening Prayer.
1st Lesson—Isaiah lii, to verse 13th.
2d Lesson—1 Corinthians xiii.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the
second Sunday after the Epiphany.

Sunday, Jan. 27th.

The Psalter for the 27th day of the
month.

Morning Prayer.
1st Lesson—Isaiah lvi.
2d Lesson—Matthew iv, verse 12th.

Evening Prayer.
1st Lesson—Isaiah lv.
2d Lesson—2 Corinthians iv.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the
third Sunday after the Epiphany.

A good conscience is better than two
witnesses. It will consume your grief
as the sun dissolves ice. It is a spring,
when you are thirsty; a staff, when
you are weary; a screen, when the sun
burns you, and a pillow in death.

CONDENSED NEWS.

—London, Eng., recently had a mil
lion dollar fire.

—France consumed 600 tons of cig
arettes last year.

—The net debt of the State of New
Jersey is only \$840,000.

—King Victor Emanuel died at
Rome on the 9th of January.

—The Ohio Legislature has elected
Pendleton United States Senator.

—The salary of the German minis
ter to London is \$45,000 a year.

—"Quit dancing or the church" say
the church authorities of Danville, Ill.

—The Great Barrington Savings
Bank has suspended payment; depos
its \$407,000; liabilities \$414,000.

—John Bright, in Birmingham,
Eng., recently declared himself in favor
of non-intervention.

—A discovery has lately been made
of a deficit of \$35,000 in the accounts
of Louis Dorion, City Treasurer of
Quebec.

—The third session of the legisla
ture of the Province of Ontario was
opened on the 9th inst. with great cer
emony, by the lieutenant governor.

—In Brunswick county, North Caro
lina, a shanty, in which four men were
sleeping, fell in and took fire. All the
occupants were crushed and burned fa
tally.

—Immediately after the death of
Victor Emanuel, King of Italy, his son,
Humbert, was declared King, with the
title Humbert I, and issued a procla
mation.

—Max Winter arrived from Vienna
at quarantine, New York Harbor, Jan.
9th, and was arrested on a charge of
defrauding Vienna merchants of 50,
000 florins.

—The sheriff of Schuylcr county ar
rived in Philadelphia on the 14th inst.,
with six Mollie Maguires, sentenced
for from five to twelve years, most of
them charged with murder.

—It is rumored that Mr. Vanderbilt
has in view the establishment of a line
of steamers to ply between New York
and Liverpool, in the interest of the
New York Central and Hudson River
Railway.

—The Bennington Battle Monu
ment Association held its annual meet
ing Jan. 9. \$27,500 have already been
raised and it is expected that a much
larger sum will be obtained for the ob
ject in view.

—William Merritt, who attempted
to murder George C. Houghton, Su
perintendent of the Boys' Lodging
House in New York, has been senten
ced by Judge Sutherland to twenty
years imprisonment.

—The National Pigeon Exhibition
opened on the 16th inst. at the Aqu
rium in New York. The total number
of entries was 1,440, representing ev
ery quarter of the globe. The finest
collection is from the coop of the late
Princess Charles, sister-in-law of
Emperor William of Germany.

—Daniel Dougherty, a prisoner at
the Snake Hill, N. J., Penitentiary,
whose term had nearly expired, and
who through good behavior had gain
ed the good-will of the warden, and
was given the position of office mes
senger, took advantage of it and escap
ed. He was captured while abed at
his father's house in Williamsburg.

—An excursion train from Moody
and Sankey's meeting at Hartford,
Conn., fell through a bridge at Tarriff
ville, off the 15th. Ten bodies had al
ready been recovered and others were
supposed to be in the wreck. Forty
persons were injured, some of them
seriously, among others Rev. W. H.
Thomas, Pastor of a Methodist church
at Winsted, he having both legs broken
and his side injured.

—The Asiatic cholera, which appear
ed in Japan in September last, has en
tirely ceased its ravages. One half of
those attacked died. In the two
months that the epidemic lasted 1,100
persons perished in Ugasaki and vi
cinity, about the same number in Osa
ka and Kiota, and about 1,000 in Yo
kohama, Tokyo and vicinity. The mor
tality in the country at large had not
yet been made known.

ALL SORTS.

Auburn prison contains 1397 con
victs.

The New England States owe \$38,
000,000.

The number of vessels lost last year
was 502.

American poultry is being shipped
to England.

There are thirteen thousand church
es in England.

Ex-Gov. Tilden is going to Califor
nia next month.

Texas will make this year 700,000
bales of cotton.

San Francisco has over 4,000 Chi
nese cigar makers.

One Lyons factory supplies plush
for all the world.

Illinois has 35,000 square miles of
coal 12 feet thick.

Four hundred Hoboken families re
ceive public alms.

The country is turning against Chi
nese immigration.

It costs over \$1,000,000 a year to
keep the animals in the New York
Central Park.

There are seventy-two glass factories
in the United States, with a capacity
of \$6,000,000.

The fool clamors that he is as wise
as a sage, and the sage shrinks from
saying it is not so.

There is no error so crooked, but it
has in it some lines of truth. This is
why it is so successful.

Have the courage to speak your
mind when it is necessary to do so,
and hold your tongue when it is pru
dent that you should do so.

Faith in an order, which is the basis
of science, cannot reasonably be sepa
rated from faith in an Ordainer, which
is the basis of religion.

General Sherman's salary, including
allowances, is about \$18,000 a year.
Poor man! we can't see how he can live
on such a mere pittance.

A crowded home, if well managed,
is infinitely happier than one where
no child's voice is ever heard, where
order reigns supreme because there are
no small hands to upset it.

"Say, missus, won't you come and
teach us? We're going to bounce our
teacher; he's so slow." Thus did
some Brooklyn Sunday-school schol
ars request a lady to take charge of
them.

A Pennsylvania law prohibits a
merchant from keeping over one hun
dred pounds of gunpowder on his
premises at once. It takes one hun
dred and one pounds to make an ex
plosion.

A poor colored man in Russell
county, Ga., applied at the clerk's of
fice for "some marrying papers," say
ing that second-hand papers would do
just as well if he could get them at
half price.

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for, those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE NOTES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 8, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The students of the college, on Thanksgiving evening, had a masquerade party that, in point of amusement and enjoyment, surpassed anything of the kind ever held here. It may seem out of place here to give an account of the entertainment after so long a time has passed since it was held, but, at the special request of numerous readers of the JOURNAL, I will endeavor to give as faithful a picture of the masquerading party as my poor pen will allow.

The whole affair was planned and proposed a month before being carried out, thus giving us time to save our money for the occasion, and was participated in by the students with but few exceptions, and by all the members of the faculty. Those students who had any lady friends in the city, were allowed to invite one or two of them, but no more, as the party was intended to be a strictly private one. There were few or no spectators, nearly all being participants. The costumes that were worn on this occasion were many and various, some rich and gorgeous, others comical and grotesque, but too numerous to mention. I can only call a few out of the many. Falstaff was represented by Schory, '81; Path-finder by Gray, '78, whose foot-steps were haunted by Donnelly, '83, in the character of Red Clow. Hamlet was represented by Rice, '79. You may be sure that Uncle Sam was not likely to have been left out in the cold by such a warm patriot as Jackson, '82. That famous historical heroine Joan of Arc was present in the person of John G. Saxton, of Troy. As his Satanlike Majesty is present everywhere, so he was present at our little party as Faust's Mephistopheles, but it was lucky he was too much occupied with a fair shepherdess to find work for our idle hands. Koehler, '83, amused us by his impersonation of that scion of chivalry, Don Quixote. F. W. Bigelow, of Vermont, assumed the role of Romeo, and Robert King that of Don Cesar, in a rich handsome suit. Freeman, '78, cut a very comical figure as Mr. Jourdain, with a high peaked hat and a Webster's dictionary under his arm. Upon the whole, the scene that our chapel presented at half past seven o'clock was a very gay one. A procession had been formed, in which personages, entirely unlike each other in dress and character, were promenading, arm in arm, upon the best possible terms. It was quite amusing to see a stately, richly-dressed duchess or dowager walking beside a ridiculously dressed clown. No talking in signs nor speaking were allowed before the time for taking off the masks had arrived. Either the single hand, or double hand alphabet was used in conversation. The young ladies of the Primary Department were present in disguise, though we had been artfully led to believe that they had an engagement elsewhere on that particular evening. They reflected much credit upon the institution and its teachers by the admirable manner in which some of them kept incognito. We thought that their language—so different from that of the hearing people—would have betrayed them at once, but the clever way in which one of them, Miss Annie Elliot, deceived a certain Sophomore into the belief that she could hear and speak is worthy of mention. This Sophomore, who shall be nameless, fancied that he recognized in Miss Elliot a young lady of his acquaintance. Taking her arm, he asked who she was. "I am a stranger," the young lady replied, "but I know you, you are Mr.——" "How do you know that?" he said. "I am the daughter of a prophet." More than ever confirmed in his opinion, he spoke aloud and his fair partner seemed to understand him, for she shook her head and held her finger upon her lips to signify silence. Now being confident that he had the right lady upon his arm, he began to say to her all the fine things which he had in his mind, calling her the prettiest girl in the party, etc., etc. The fair unknown did not seem averse to his compliments, for she laughed several times. But his feelings may be better imagined than described when he found, on unmasking, that he had been wasting all his set phrases and fine speeches on deaf ears. His face was quite a study. The sense of feeling in a deaf-mute is very acute, rendered more so by the loss of hearing, and it was while leaning on the Sophomore's arm that Miss Elliot felt the sound of his

voices in speaking. Another lady of the Primary Department, Miss Gillem, of Tennessee, appeared as Queen of the Night, in a dark flowing dress, studded with bright silver stars. Somewhere between 9 and 10 o'clock President Gallaudet gave the signal for unmasking, and we adjourned to the refreshment room. The party was kept up by dancing and talking until near the midnight hour. The masquerade party was voted a success by all those who took any part in it, and a repetition of it is greatly desired. There was one student, however, who did not enjoy the party, and he was the only one. He was dressed up as a Chinese clown, which was by no means a very handsome suit. When he desired a partner, every one of the fair masqueraders, looking at his ugly costume, suddenly recollected that they had been engaged by another gentleman. So failing to get a partner, and seeing those who had more fiery than brains, walking with a lady on their arms, he was several times tempted to leave the party, but he received better treatment from the fair sex after the unmasking. He vowed that he would get a suit that would cast all others into the shade at the next masquerade party, regardless of the expense.

Messrs. Hotchkiss and Draper, tutors that were, have been raised to the dignity of assistant professors. We hope ere long to call them Profs., unqualified by any adjective, as perhaps we shall when their hair is sprinkled with gray. And who will deny that a well-educated deaf-mute is capable of entering any of the learned professions?

There is a rumor to the effect that Prof. Gordon is about to enter into marriage, but the name of the would-be bride is a mystery. However, we have our suspicions as to who she is, and wish him joy.

James W. Tipton, from Illinois, has gone home. He was in rather poor health when he left.

The Literary Society has been put on its legs again, having about twenty members now. The officers elected for the ensuing year are as follows:

President, S. M. Freeman, '78; Vice-President, Holloway, '78; Critic, D. A. Simpson, '78; Secretary, F. R. Gray, '78; Treasurer, J. J. Sansom, '80; Librarian, F. Kissel. The Society's room in the new building is thought to be the handsomest of all, having an arched roof, and high windows, stained with blue and yellow, the college colors. It is like a chapel (in miniature) and may often be used as such in cold weather. The "Lit. Soc." has the best talent and skill of the college among its members, and good exciting debates may be expected this year. I will report some of them from time to time.

The Reading Club also has a room in the new building, twice or thrice as large as its old one, and is very commodious. It will dispute the palm with the library room, as a favorite lounging place of the students, out of study hours. The new board of officers is as follows: President, Harry White, '80; Vice-President, J. F. Elwell, '79; Secretary, Robert King; Librarian, Cross, '82; Assistant Librarian, Hammer, '82. The Treasurer is our faithful watch dog of the Treasury, F. W. Bigelow. There are only five non-members among the students. The club will feel grateful to any young ladies that will make a short call in their room, for the other day a bevy of them made us twenty-five cents the richer for their visit. Five members forgot the rule against making signs in the room, and everything else but the delightful presence of these young ladies, and talked in signs, for which they were fined by an officer.

A too talkative "Advanced Prep." had to pay no less than twenty-five cents in two weeks, for violating the rule against signs. At the last regular meeting a motion was made to abolish the rule against the use of signs, and, in accordance with the constitution, it was laid on the table until next month. A few members, however, moved that the rule should be suspended until the next regular meeting, so as to give us one month's trial and experience, and their motion was passed. The members of the club are divided into two sides on this subject, and a hot discussion will be the result.

The Steward, Mr. Erskine, has gone north for the benefit of his impaired health, and his place has been filled by Mr. Bryant.

A new kind of door-knocker for the special benefit of deaf-mutes has been found, and is being introduced into every student's room in the new building. It is a simple thing, consisting of the usual wire and knob, but instead of the merry tinkling bell, we have a heavy iron bar, like a window weight. When the weight is pulled up, it comes down with a deafening noise, on a thin piece of iron directly under it.

YOU HAD BETTER DO IT.

To "Yx," Esq.:—You say don't do it. Why not? This is a question I hoped you would answer when I saw you had undertaken the job of "frescoing" my innocent little article giving my reasons for letting friends and foes know me by the name my parents saw fit to give me. I was much surprised to find that, instead of the article, I was myself frescoed most beautifully, and, as I strut about in your paint, people laugh at me. I fail to see any of your handiwork elsewhere. When a fellow is convinced that he is doing a foolish thing and can see no good reason for continuing to do so, is it so awfully wonderful that he should reform? You ask me, if I am not proud to sign my name in full. No, Sir! there is nothing to be proud of about that; nor is there anything to be ashamed of in doing what is simply right. When I wrote that article asking my fellow deaf-mutes to sign their own names, I was well aware that there were exceptional cases where writing over *nom de plume* was excusable, and I did not mean to be so sweeping in my condemnation of the practice as you put it. I looked no further than our own little field of deaf-mute literature. You ask me to name some of the writers whose example in signing their own names to newspaper communications was worthy of imitation. Here are a few you are perhaps acquainted with: H. W. Syle, John Carlin, J. R. Burnett (deceased), Job Turner, and just one from the hearing class—Isaac L. Peet. I have never known them to write over assumed names. Here is also Miss Angie A. Fuller, a writer of considerable ability, and C. Aug. Brown, who is a gamy and spirited writer; and Thomas Brown, who looks down upon the nonsense of the younger chickens.

You say if I "honestly admit it does no good to substitute a real name for any other sort of a name." See here, Mister! Do you suppose I have been or ever will be in a hurry to admit any such thing? I decline to be so dexterously juggled into the same boat with you. You say, if I admit it does no good to sign the real name, it is good any way to put in a *nom de plume*. I don't know about that, but I did not stand on any such sort of an "if". Even if I did, I don't see how your conclusion follows; it might, for all practical purposes, be as well not to sign any name whatever, either real or fictitious. You say "if it is not good to put in a *nom de plume*, it is bad to put in a real name and get severely beaten." How do you know about that? Is it your experience? Indeed! It is bad policy for thieves and cut throats to knock a man down in the dark and let him know who did it. So far we agree, I hope. I did say it was a positive nuisance to sign fictitious names to newspaper communications, and I repeat it. It is against the wishes of a vast majority of readers, especially the readers of the JOURNAL, who, being mostly deaf-mutes, naturally take much interest in each other, and to whom it would be a convenience and pleasure to know the name of the deaf-mutes who contribute to their paper. Yes, Sir; it is a positive nuisance to deprive them of that pleasure. I took a good deal of interest in the mysterious individual who told us his name was Yx, but that looked too suspiciously unlike his own name, so I wanted to know something more definite. You ask me if "signing the name to a letter in a newspaper is no worse a manifestation of vanity than signing the name in a private letter, and then ask me whether a person could not have less trouble and criticism by writing a private letter to a private person than by writing a letter that must be private to a newspaper, and signing his own name to it! You evidently take me for an incorrigible dunce. I am sorry to have to explain that I meant signing the name to a letter, intended to be read by the public in a newspaper, is not a whit more a manifestation of vanity than signing the name in a private letter to a friend. Do you understand me now? Can't you see that if a letter must be private, it need not be put in a newspaper at all? Else what do you mean by asking such ridiculous questions? You say there is not one anonymous letter printed in the JOURNAL! You certainly "saw and testify" me clean out of my boots with such a startling statement. Please tell me what sort of a letter that I see in the back part of the JOURNAL signed "Yours truly, UNKNOWN." I have just followed your advice to look in my "Unabridged" and found you have given a correct definition with the exception of *only one* meaning left out, i. e., "without the real name of the author." It is not very surprising you should make such an omission. Better dust your

"specs." You say your letter is not anonymous, because it has a name affixed to it, and the party is known to the editor! Artful chap! Is that the way you prove it? Let me see—aye, you have "Yx" affixed to it. Perhaps that is your name; perhaps the party is known to the editor, but are you going to write to the one thousand readers of the JOURNAL and not let a single soul of them know who you are but the editor? Again let me ask you if "Yx" is your real name. Is your father's name "Yx"? Do you sign your letters to your sweetheart, "Yours humbly, "Yx"? When you get spliced, are you going to introduce your wife to us as Mrs. "Yx"? Do you send your cuffs, collars and unmentionables to the laundry, marked "Yx"?

You say editorials are anonymous because they have no names affixed to them. Are you sure they are anonymous? Don't you see H. C. Rider's name at the top of his editorial column? Is not he known either to write or hold himself responsible for what appears there?

You say the best writers do not sign their names. There is some doubt about that. I do not know who you consider the best writers. There are a few writers who have been remarkably successful in writing over assumed names, such as Mark Twain, Petroleum, Nasby, Josh Billings, Danbury Newsman, Max Adler and a few others. They wrote over assumed names out of mere caprice; the names in those cases happened to light on the owners unsought, and they fit well. But these are a class of writers I was not thinking of. Most of the newspaper correspondents writing under assumed names are at Washington, D. C., retailing political and personal scandal and lies about public men.

You say "it is a disgrace to the paper, its editors and its readers for a person to sign his full name when it is absolutely unnecessary." Do you think Prof. Job Turner's signing his full name to what he wrote was *absolutely unnecessary*, and consequently a disgrace to the JOURNAL and its editor? If so, how do you make the poor innocent readers who had nothing to do about it, share the disgrace? You say "when one dares, the enemy will introduce into the columns a great deal of the writer's personal habits and mannerisms, if he really finds out the name, and very likely he will get censored, clapped or beaten for the article." As to the enemy's introducing the personal habits of his neighbor into newspapers, it is a thing that should not be done, and it is the duty; and it is in the power of the editor to prevent such meanness. If the enemy does ventilate his neighbor's private weaknesses in a newspaper, he would richly deserve to be cowed—more so if he does it in such an irresponsible way as to hide behind a fictitious name. When a person writes to a newspaper and calls highly intelligent and respected young ladies a "handful of fools" and invites them to occupy cells in a lunatic asylum, as "Yx" did in a recent article to the JOURNAL, he certainly deserves the censure you seem to be so much afraid of.

You ask "if a man wants to give a hint to a neighbor, but having no courage to do so personally, must he write and sign his name to his article and be 'avenged or bulldozed'?" Yes, he ought to do so. Why should he stab his neighbor in the dark? Has he any right to injure a person without expecting to be called to account for it? At the bar of the criminal court the accused has the right to know the names of his accusers, and those who accuse have no right to say anything against him without shouldering the legitimate consequences. So at the bar of public opinion no one has any right to assail his neighbor's character without being liable to criminal prosecution for slander. If a writer knows anything wrong about his neighbor, he should not retail it to the world through a newspaper anyhow—it is none of his business to do so.

You seek to make out that I have been crawling behind "Subscriber" to lay traps for you. Your remarks on that point are sarcastic enough, but unfortunately for their application my article headed "Sign your own name" was written and mailed before I knew anything about "Subscriber's" letter. I did not know who wrote it, and had nothing to do with it. I am no man's tool or fool either, and don't seek to make others mine. The article was occasioned by my receiving letters asking for my real name, the criticism I received from my friends for writing over an assumed name, and partly by my being mistaken for a young lady by an enthusiastic writer, who attempted to proclaim who "Dixie" was. You said "Dixie" was your classmate, and I wrote you a private letter asking your name and address, having then

only the best of motives. When I saw you were unwilling to come out of your hole and meet me like a gentleman, I quietly shook the dust off my feet and leisurely strolled away.

I have not been attacking your infidel opinions, knowing you had a perfect right to them, but it certainly looked funny to see you talk so solemnly about religious matters, and, at the same time, to proclaim with brazen audacity that you belonged to that class which regards religion as a ridiculous farce! You want to be classed among the big bugs of infidelity, don't you? Would you like some day, when you find yourself six feet under ground, to have some tearful darkey standing over your grave singing this sad requiem:

"Poor Tom Paine! There he lies! Nobody misses him, nobody cries, Where he's gone, or how he fares; Nobody knows, and nobody cares."

Or have some Cowper sing when you are gone:

"The Frenchman first in literary fame, (Mention him, if you please, Voltaire!—the same) With spirit, genius, eloquence supplied, Lived long, wrote much, laughed heartily and died."

The Scripture was his feet book, whence he drew Bon mots to gall the Christian and the Jew; An infidel, in health, but what when sick?"

Instead of adopting such an Egyptian-like hieroglyphic as "Yx," why not come out like a man and sign yourself plain WILLIAM BOND?

D. W. GEORGE.
Chicago, Ill., Jan. 15, 1878.

The Boston Deaf-Mute Society's Rich Enjoyments.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Allow me to write a little article to your readers.

An exceedingly fine exhibition of the grand illuminated stereopticon was given before the Boston Deaf-Mute Society at Boylston Hall, on the evening of the 16th inst. A hundred deaf-mutes and their friends assembled there and enjoyed the entertainment very much. The exhibition consisted of views of the Revolutionary war, Centennial procession in Boston (June 17, 1875), and many miscellaneous pictures. Many of the views were highly colored.

As Mr. H. H. Niles, the proprietor, kindly gave the society his exhibition free of charge, with an exception of a slight expense for gas, a vote of thanks was tendered to him, and was followed by three cheers given by the audience. He acknowledged the honor by waving his hat. Mrs. George Homer, the popular mute lady, presented him with a beautiful bouquet, with which he seemed highly pleased. I must not omit to mention the name of Mr. Wallace H. Krause, the well-known mute gentleman. A vote of thanks and three cheers were given to Mr. Krause for inducing Mr. Niles to give a free exhibition.

On the evening of the 17th inst., Mr. Geo. A. Newhall delivered a lecture before a good mute audience in Boylston Hall. His subject was the "History of Rome". At the close of his lecture the audience immediately went out, in response to the invitation, to the Horticultural Hall, on Tremont street, where a monster devil-fish was on exhibition. They looked over and studied it with interest. It was a horrible sight to see it, but they were satisfied with the curiosity of seeing it. The devil-fish was captured on the coast of New Foundland, last September, and was given to the New York Aquarium. It was over forty feet in length when caught. SPECTATOR.
Boston, Jan. 18, 1878.

THE WISCONSIN INSTITUTE.

MR. EDITOR:—It affords me much pleasure to inform you that our institute is at present in a most prosperous condition.

Its average attendance reaches about 150 pupils, with a full corps of ten teachers. The sanitary condition is most excellent, and we have had but very few cases in the hospital, and those ordinary and unimportant ones.

The industrial department, though not so varied as it might be, is also in an improved condition; cabinet-making and shoemaking being the only two trades that receive the attention of the more worthy part of the boys at present. Both these branches are managed by speaking and hearing men, of long experience, sound judgment and executive ability. The art of basket-making was introduced, by way of experiment, for a short time, and its finances not proving satisfactory, it was not deemed prudent to continue it. The art of type-setting will probably take its place before long, under the supervision of a practical printer, from our town, and, as this trade is a favorite and settled matter in the other institutions, it will, undoubtedly, be incorporated as one of the permanent trades taught at our own institute.

The intellectual department is in a most complete order. A more finished selection could not have been made in another institution. The officers are all capable, competent, faithful, and, most important of all, efficient. The educational standard will bear safe comparison with the older and more experienced institutions. A careful examination of statistics at the National College will tally with this statement.

Our present principal, Prof. De Motte, fills his position with entire satisfaction. A more conscientious, earnest, vigilant and effective principal can not be pointed out. His plan of government is a wise one and evidently successful. The deep inculcation of correct principles and motives, followed by his naturally pleasant and sociable manner and unsuspected firmness, renders the pupils contented, willing and respectful.

Miss Eddy's mother is very weak, and at present, apparently, dying of pure old age.

[We take pleasure in publishing the above well-written, valuable letter and hope in the future to receive many communications from the writer.—Ed. JOURNAL.]

A REMARKABLE GAME OF CHESS.

THE FIRST EVER PLAYED BETWEEN TWO DEAF-MUTES IN THE PROTESTANT DEAF-MUTE INSTITUTION, MONTREAL, CANADA.

A gentleman in the Protestant Institution for Deaf-Mutes, Montreal, having read of the wonders of chess-playing, wished to gratify his curiosity. Accordingly he purchased a chess-board some time previously to Christmas, with the intention of having a game himself. But he discovered to his grief when the chess-board was introduced into the building, none of the inmates understood the game. He must get some one who could give him a quaint idea of its wonders. As chance would have it two mates visited the institution on Christmas, and to them he put the question, "Do you play chess?" My friend said he used to play, but had forgotten the most of it, but he had a sister who was a good player, and who had taught him, and, on leaving, promised to have a game with her, so as to be enabled to instruct him on his next visit, which happened to be on New Year's.

In the evening they began to play, after my friend explained the rules of the game to the wondering gentleman, whom I shall hereafter call "Our Tyro". Our Tyro wears as important an air as he can conveniently command without seriously endangering the perpendicular of his spine, as he bends his vision to the board—a sort of unflinching gaze—as if watching the course of some curious insect crawling slowly along. Suddenly it would seem as if the insect made a spurt, for a half unintelligible "Oh" escapes him, then once more all is quiet; the insect is motionless. Our Tyro looks up amazed, and remarks in a sort of stern but compassionate tone, as if one of his missions on earth was to gently lead his benighted companion in the correct path of chess.

"I beg your pardon, but, really, do you take my favor in that manner?" My friend explains, and the game proceeds, much to the interest of these present. Our Tyro commences to think his opponent is very strong. Vexation! A piece lost—and for nothing! But he is not daunted, though fearfully hampered. In his excitement he clutches his Queen, and hovers her with his hand over the board, as if preparing to crush the ever-present but invisible insect that will haunt him; then he considerably relents, and carefully replaces her majesty on, evidently, her original square, but which happens to be one square to the left of her former place. More explanations and adjustment of Tyro's Queen, and the game goes ahead. A series of "checks" in the form of a desultory musket fire, came from my friend in rapid succession. Our Tyro's face presents a fine, but sad study for a physiognomist—hope has given way to the most painful anxiety. His unquiet Queen, like the dove from Noah's ark, has, metaphorically speaking, no rest for the sole of her foot. She wanders hither and thither in a chronic state of imminent danger, though her eventual doom, which Our Tyro thought death, receives a reprieve in the shape of a perpetual banishment to a cosy and excessively quiet nook of the battle scene for the rest of her natural existence. With a sigh of relief that is almost joyous in its keen self-congratulation, Our Tyro inwardly mutters, "Safe at last!" But her majesty's troubles are only the precursor of the more serious misfortunes of her royal spouse. With what suppressed emotion does he now endearingly marshal his sore-beset King, acutely feel-

ing, with that high-toned consideration worthy of a chess player, that he has made himself personally responsible for the dangers befalling his Kingship. He is conscious the climax is approaching—that in the distance looms the inevitable spectre—check-mate! In the intervals of thought he wonders whether a city disaster of this nature is more terrible than one in the country. The game continues, to the immense disadvantage of Our Tyro, who tries to cover his retreat by venturing to remark something about a friend of his in Toronto, who he pronounces a splendid player. His opponent does not see anything strikingly original in this statement, and so rejoins encouragingly, "Oh! Yes, I dare say, and should think it will be a pleasant surprise to him, should you meet him again and have the pleasure of playing with him." Our Tyro expresses a wish that his opponent could at that moment try a game with his superior friend in Toronto, and so the game is pushed. It becomes more and more desperate for Our Tyro, who experiences a sort of uncertainty as to what will next happen. The game presents a most pitiful sight on the side of Our Tyro, whose Queen's Rook is locked up by the Queen's Knight, neither piece having been moved. He has lost his King's Knight and Bishop for no equivalent—has three doubled pawns, and, to crown all, his Queen has been inveigled entirely out of play. His opponent's Queen is in most uncomfortable proximity to his King—breathing the very air of destruction; his Rooks command the two available open columns, and his Bishops enfilade unmercifully, while the two Knights, like the English cavalry at the close of Waterloo, sweep over the entire field of battle, meeting with little or no resistance.

A long pause on the part of Our Tyro, who catenating at the time-honored straw indulges for a brief while in the insane fancy, that possibly at this critical moment his opponent, flushed with the coming victory and overcomes with pardonable pride, might make a blunder—lose his Queen, and of course resign. His opponent, surfeited with the *embarras de richesses* of the game, is calmly surveying the landscape of a painting on the wall.

The pause continues, dragging its course along wearily. Our Tyro would like to be called suddenly to tea or supper—in fact would personally prefer any move except to move. But, at last, he takes courage and plays, making the only move on the board that gives his opponent the immediate opportunity of crying "Checkmate!" The worse being now over, Our Tyro breathes again, not in the least disconcerted; then, as it were by sudden inspiration, he self-consolingly but eagerly remarks, he understands the game much better, and challenges a look-on of the game—an assistant teacher of the institution, asking her if she would like to play with him, and if she understood anything about it. She, being a greater Tyro than himself, replies that she thinks she does.

They are arranged and the game begins. Our Tyro in an amazingly short time clears all before him, and victory is pronounced in his favor! Thus this most wonderful game ended, much to the satisfaction of Our Tyro and all concerned.

C. W. B.

BOSTON NOTES.

The Committee of the Boylston Hall Society gave a Magic Lantern Exhibition in a large hall, Wednesday evening, Jan. 16th, to nearly 100 persons. Geo. A. Newhall, of Melrose, Mass., gave a lecture the following evening, on the History of Rome. It was intended to request W. A. Bond, of Brooklyn, to deliver his lecture on Temperance before the society, but the committee, hearing that he was the author of an article in the JOURNAL, signed "Yx," a short time ago, decided not to forward the invitation.

Three services will be held on the 27th. It is expected that Wm. H. Weeks, of Hartford, will again visit us, and a cordial invitation is extended to the mutes in this vicinity to be present.

The John Hancock Reading Room has been closed. It advertised extensively that it was "the only society that fully met the wants of the mutes. Its managers were men of high character, whose honesty and integrity were unimpeached," but it failed to give their names to the public, upon which it depended for its support. Its rooms were well furnished, but its library has a poor prospect of receiving any further additions. How soon it will open again, or what the end will be, remains to be seen. REFORMER.
Jan. 19th, 1878.

Said the young lady about the infant: "How sweet, but how bald for one so young."

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

Prof. Job Turner at Frederick, Md.

FREDERICK, Md. Jan. 10, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—It is with much pleasure that I have some items to write, which may be interesting to your readers.

We were highly honored with a pleasant, but short visit from Prof. Job Turner, after a separation of twenty-one years. We became acquainted with him when the Convention of Teachers of the Deaf and Dumb was held at Staunton, Va., in 1856, and at the same time, among the members were Prof. Laurent Clerc, Dr. Harvey P. Peet, and Rev. Collins Stone, who have since expired. He did not present himself here on the 28th of Dec., as he had intended, because most of our pupils and teachers had gone abroad to spend their fortnight holiday from Dec. 21st to Jan. 3d, and on that account he postponed his visit until yesterday evening, while on his way from Wheeling, Va.

This morning at chapel service, being invited by Prof. Charles W. Ely, he gave a short but interesting lecture, in a most impressive and eloquent manner. The text was, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in heaven." St. Matthew V: 16. Then he visited each school-room and made a list of the names of pupils in his book.

At two o'clock he started for Baltimore, to hold service at Grace Chapel at 7:30 to-night. He expects to go to Annapolis to-morrow, and then to Washington, D. C., where he may remain a few days before he goes southward. May success attend him in his mission to the deaf and dumb.

C. M. G.

PROF. JOB TURNER'S VISIT AT ANNAPOLIS, MD.

ANNAPOLIS, Md., Jan. 14, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—I have seated myself this morning, in the midst of my mission work, to let you know that there was a large and respectable congregation in St. Ann's Church in this ancient city yesterday afternoon. The rector read the service which I translated into signs for the deaf-mutes present. It was one of the happiest services that I ever conducted.

Please allow me to tell you a word or two about Mrs. Hammond and Mrs. Cork. Mrs. Hammond, whose maiden name was Miss Priscilla Davis, of Anne Arundel Co., Md., received an education at the Philadelphia Institution. She speaks affectionately of Messrs. Hilton and Honston, both deceased. She has a speaking husband, who is a very worthy citizen, and who is tax collector of this place. Mrs. Cork, formerly Miss Ann Davis, is her sister. Her deaf and dumb husband died at the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes a few years ago.

I am much pleased with the appearance of this ancient city. Last Saturday afternoon saw me resting my foot here for the first time. The kind-hearted rector met me at the station, and escorted me to the rectory, where I am now stopping. I shall leave here for Baltimore and Washington in about one hour. I am very thankful to God that I have had so many kind receptions on my way, since the 29th of November. I expect to stop in Rappahannock, Va., next week Saturday, to visit my oldest son, Charles, for about two weeks, and then I shall go on south.

Please let me ask your permission to say a few words about Annapolis. This is an ancient city of about 8,000 inhabitants, very beautifully situated on the Severn river. It received its name on the 16th day of August, 1708, in honor of Queen Anne, who was then governing England. The charter was granted by the Hon. John Seymour, then the Royal Governor of the Province of Maryland. This city is situated on the river, thirty miles south of Baltimore, and forty miles, nearly east, of Washington. The site of the city is one of great beauty, commanding an extensive view of the Chesapeake Bay and the surrounding country, which exhibits a great diversity of landscape and picturesque scenery. This city is the natal place of some of the most distinguished men America can boast of. I can see the Naval Academy from my chamber window. Its grounds are very beautifully laid out. I would give you a fuller description of the Academy and its grounds, but I am going away very soon.

Yours Sincerely,

JOB TURNER.

A Splendid Masquerade Party.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 9, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—On the night of December 31st there was a masquerade party at the house of a well-known gentleman, who has a nice young deaf wife by the name of Ida. There were some mute graduates invited to that party. We spent the night and enjoyed ourselves in a high degree. It is my opinion that it was the best party that we have ever had. About 10 o'clock the girls went up stairs into a room, where they dressed themselves in a funny manner, and covered their heads with masks in order to prevent the boys from knowing who they were. The boys did the same, and dressed themselves in a different manner. After we got ready the door of the parlor was opened. At first we could not recognize each other. After a little while we were taken to some houses, where we spent about two hours in sport. We enjoyed ourselves in a splendid manner, shook hands with many strangers without knowing them, and also took a walk through some streets. After 12 o'clock we returned to the same house, where was a splendid supper prepared for us, and we all partook of it. We spent the rest of the time in play and conversation until half past five o'clock, and then, after bidding Ida good-bye we left. We had a very pleasant time.

MASK.

Christmas at the Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes, N. Y.

Christmas morning dawned bright, clear, and mild, and everybody looked jolly, for, the day before and for several days previous, good Santa Claus had been very busy suggesting and purchasing lots of beautiful and ornamental as well as useful presents, for the young and the old.

I am gratified to say that, on this joyful occasion, the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes was not forgotten by its kind friends; and I am sure that it would have done their hearts good could they have witnessed the pleasant scene in the dining-room there, as the inmates came down to breakfast, their faces beaming with gladness as they wished each other a "Merry Christmas."

On the breakfast table, at the right side of each plate, was placed a large box in which were one or more smaller ones. These boxes contained several little delicacies, and some small but useful articles of wearing apparel in the shape of handkerchiefs, collars, cuffs, stockings, gloves, ribbons, &c., the gifts of Miss Jane Middleton, the kind matron, and Miss Fanny Seymour, her assistant. Miss Middleton and Miss Fanny have won a host of friends among the deaf-mutes during their long connection with the Home, and being familiar with the sign language and the manual alphabet renders it all the more convenient and easy for them to converse with the silent ones under their care. The inmates were highly satisfied with their little tokens of love and affection; and the best of feeling prevailed among them all. They enjoyed as good and substantial a Christmas dinner as one could wish to have, and they spent the day as best they pleased. When bed time came they retired to rest, feeling very happy, and, no doubt, thanking old Santa Claus for his kind remembrance of them.

In addition to the nice surprise given the mutes of the Home on the evening of the 22d ult., I must not forget to say that several of their good friends have lent a helping hand in the noble work of Christian charity, viz: Mr. W. J. Nelson, of New York, Mr. Gilbert Hicks, of Long Island, Mrs. John Carlin, Mrs. S. E. Sip, Mrs. A. M. Compton, Mrs. W. G. Fitzgerald, Mrs. C. S. Newell, and Mrs. John Witschick, all of New York. Our hearty thanks are due to each and all, and to Miss Satie C. Howard for her late successful efforts in behalf of the Home. It was indeed a complete surprise to the inmates, for they had been totally in the dark up to the very last moment, and for this reason they were made doubly happy.

So much happiness diffused among the poor and the afflicted greatly encourages Rev. Dr. Gallaudet in his self-denying labors of love to the children of silence, and at the beginning of the new year we wish him a hearty "God speed."

During the year just closed the inmates of the Home have enjoyed remarkably good health, thanks to a kind Providence and to the excellent forethought and judicious care of the matron. Thus far the stern conquering hand of death has been most mercifully averted. Knowing that it is much more blessed to give than to receive, we hope that, as the years roll on, the Home fold may always be remembered by its friends near and far. "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." BEEBAX.

New York, Jan. 9, 1878.

PROF. JOB TURNER AT BALTIMORE, MD.—VARIOUS TOPICS.

BALTIMORE, Md., Jan. 12, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—At 3 P. M. Sunday, December 23d, Prof. Job Turner conducted a service in Grace Chapel, where about 80 deaf-mutes were assembled. In his inimitable and forcible style of sign language he delivered a sermon on "Watch and Pray," which was very impressive and interesting. His remarks were closely watched and clearly understood and, of course, much appreciated. Every mute was so much enchanted with his profound eloquence, that they wished him back when they learned of his going to York, Pa., to do his missionary work. He bid us good-bye, as he had to go to Wheeling, Va.

We had no service last Sunday, and we all sighed for him until his return from Wheeling, when he made his appearance in our lecture-room last night, and cheered us up in spite of the rain. We got some interesting information from him. He lectured most gracefully and easily by signs, on the "Dignity of a good education." The slightest noise was not felt during his speech. Our meeting was called the Baltimore Association of Deaf-mutes. He designs leaving for Annapolis to-morrow at noon to conduct a service on Sunday, the 13th, and will proceed to the South to continue his good and useful work among the deaf-mutes. We shall miss him very much. It makes us all more anxious to have him for our permanent clergyman after he is ordained. He is the very man we could all wish for our clergyman, and therefore we have made up our minds to send a petition with all our names to Rev. Dr. Leeds, of this city, and Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, requesting them to engage him for our clergyman, hoping that our Heavenly Father will carry him through the South safely, and bring him back in good health and fine spirits.

Mr. Joseph H. Linton was elected President of the Baltimore Association, Mr. McElroy Vice President, Mr. Nicol Secretary, Mr. Fitzpatrick Treasurer, Messrs. Amos, Mooney and Stevenson Executive Committee.

Mr. Balis, a deaf-mute, is teaching deaf and dumb negroes at No. 92 South Broadway, in the Blind, and Deaf and Dumb Asylum, where our lecture takes place every Thursday night. There are seven girls and ten boys of the colored deaf and dumb.

A VISITOR.

A Tableau Performance at the Pennsylvania Institution.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Jan. 9, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—In the year 1875 and 1876 we had two pantomime performances in this institution, which delighted the pupils very much. Many of the new pupils in this institution had never seen a tableau; so on the 5th of Jan., 1878, we got up a tableau, in order to please them, and give them some new ideas.

The eight personators performed their part well. They personated the different characters in the tableau for about two hours, and wore masks some of the time so that they would not be known by the spectators.

The pupils seemed to be very much pleased with the tableau, and we think of having another performance of this kind during the year, if everything goes right.

PLEASANT EVENING.

QUERY.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Three months ago, a lecture was delivered in the basement of St. Ann's Church, New York, for the benefit of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes. According to the report of "Spectator," which appeared in the JOURNAL soon after, \$75 were realized. What has become of the money? The Home has received no benefit from it thus far, and has been rather cramped for means. Will somebody rise and explain? Surely, three months is time enough in which the money matters of such an insignificant affair could be disposed of to the satisfaction and benefit of the parties concerned.

A FRIEND OF THE HOME.

A Very Pleasant Little Party.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—On Christmas day a small party of friends assembled at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Stratton, No. 101 Charles St., New York. They had a pleasant time, and the occasion will be remembered by all who were present. Every stage of life was represented there—infancy, childhood, youth, mature years and old age. Dr. Gallaudet and Dr. H. P. Peet looked down upon the scene from their pictures on the wall, and seemed to smile approval on the assembled throng.

A LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 7, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I have often heard of and read your paper, which may be the best paper for the deaf-mutes in the United States. From the San Francisco Daily Chronicle, of December 29th, I copy the following about a deaf-mute, a graduate of the New York Institution:

"At 611 Natoma street a family are living in destitute circumstances. The father and mother are deaf and dumb, and the father, who is a carpenter, has been unable to obtain work for some time. Mayor Bryant has secured transportation for them to their home in Illinois, but they have no money to buy food on the way. The family consists of the father, mother, and four female children. If any charitable person wishes to contribute to enable them to purchase food on their journey it should be sent to the house before noon to-day, as they start on their journey via. Valjejo at 4 P. M."

Now I give warning to all the mutes in the East not to dare to come to California, unless they have a capital of several thousand dollars. Peddling business is very poor here for the mutes. Most people give employment to the Chinese, who are willing to take the lowest wages. I have resided here for ten years, and my occupation for sixteen years has been a salve peddler. I have traveled through hazards and hardships, and have peddled from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, "overland" and by sea, from New York via. Nicaragua, and Mexico to this city, thence to Sandwich Islands, where I stayed two months, in February and March.

I weighed 131 lbs. After I ate poi which is made from arrow root I weighed about 190 lbs. I had a long talk with King William C. Lunadillo in regard to setting up a school for the Kanka mutes. I found about thirteen ignorant mutes, who had good minds, and talked by signs in their odd ways. Finally the board of education informed me that the school funds were short about \$50,000, and they could not take my offer, so I came back here. I traveled through California, Nevada, Utah, Oregon, Washington Territory and British Columbia. Business is very dull all over, but mine is considerably good, because I am well known on this coast. I travel around once in every two years.

I shall take your paper for one year with pleasure.

I was a graduate of the American Asylum, Hartford, Conn., under the tuition of Prof. Laurent Clerc 29 years ago.

THE END OF A DEAF-MUTE DRUNKARD'S LIFE.

I have another copy from the Daily Morning Call of this city about Mr. Wm. Delavan, a mute, who has been known in San Francisco as a painter and a caricaturist for the past ten years, who died on the evening of the 4th, at the residence of Mr. James Gallaudet, a supposed cousin of the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet. The deceased has been deaf since a child, his affliction arising from a severe attack of scarlet fever, but immediately prior to his death, five days since, his speech returned to him, and though his tones were feeble, they were distinctly understood by those who were attending him. His relations and children can ascertain more particulars by addressing Mr. Gallaudet, who kindly attended to the deceased throughout his illness, and is a friend of long standing. Mr. Bowes, of Boston, and several mutes used to tell that he was an impostor. The deceased told me that he was born in Albany, N. Y., and was instructed by Prof. Bartlett, of Boston, Mass. The deceased has been a constant drunkard, and was buried by the city in the Pottery Field.

ROLLIN WELLS.

SIGN LANGUAGE.

The lecture by Prof. L. Pratt, D. D., of Williams College, in the Library Course, at the Opera House, last evening, was listened to with great interest by a very fair audience, and was an exceedingly clear and instructive treatment of the subject, "Sign Language." The Professor, who is a very fine speaker, was assisted in his illustration of the theme by a Mr. Hill, an educated mute, who gave an extended exhibition of the manner of communicating by means of the sign language, telling a story to the audience in that way, which the Professor interpreted. Mr. Hill also answered verbally several questions asked by Prof. Pratt in signs, and displayed a remarkably clear comprehension of the niceties and shades of meaning so difficult of apprehension by even those who have all their faculties to assist them. The Professor ended his lecture with an able and eloquent plea in behalf of the unfortunate class known as mutes, and for the granting to them of those amenities from which they are so generally cut off by their misfortunes. The Wheeler & Wilson band gave a very enjoyable concert before the lecture, and also played while the audience was going out, adding much to the

pleasure of the entertainment.—*Bridgeport, Conn., Standard, Nov. 28, 1877.*

[Prof. L. Pratt was formerly a teacher in the Pennsylvania Deaf-mute Institution, and also in the National Deaf-mute College, and William L. Hill is a graduate of the American Asylum, and National Deaf-mute College. The admission fees were for the benefit of the Library Association.—E. JOURNAL.]

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 18, 1878.

Congress has come again. It has had a good long rest—and so has the country. Unusual interest attends the reassembling, but it scarcely partakes of that universal joyousness which comes with the return of the birds in spring-time. Indeed, there is a wide-spread feeling of disquietude which amounts to a forboding of evil in some quarters, and merely a general state of expectancy in others. On every hand there appears to be a vague idea that something interesting is liable to happen during the next few weeks, but just what it is nobody seems to know. If all the resolutions and other engines of war that are said to be in readiness are promptly fired off, it is possible that, in the general skirmishing to follow, somebody may get hurt. There is the Glover resolution providing for an investigation of the various departments, a resolution of inquiry into the "bargain" by which the electoral count was supposed to go on last spring, and worst of all, a resolution of impeachment against the President, and several others said to be ready to bring forward at the proper time. And the guileless B. B.—the squint-eyed and child-like Essex statesman, is credited with the purpose to offer and push the electoral count investigation. Things certainly do look promising and lively. The last thing before the adjournment we had the New York Custom-House contest, and during the recess there have been rumors without end, mostly relating to a truce between Senator Conkling and the President, whereof the terms of permanent peace and "conciliation" were the retirement of Evarts, Schurz, and Key from the Cabinet. These have each in turn been denied, and the latest authentic reports from the White House are to the effect that the head of the concern is firm and as serene as a monkey in a cocoanut tree. Not even the Chandler manifesto, which has thrown some people into a "state of mind," disturbs his equanimity. He appears to agree with Goethe, that—

"What I don't see
Don't trouble me;
What I do see
Might trouble me,
Did I not know
It must be so."

From what can be learned of his purposes, however, it is believed that the contest over the New York appointments will shortly be renewed, and that the Democratic Senators having determined to render no further aid to Conkling, a different result will transpire. We shall see.

From the mild autumn-like weather that has prevailed almost uninterruptedly for three months past, we have been landed into the middle of, not next summer, but a mighty "cold snap," which, with the thermometer at and below zero, is rather the winter of our discomfort than of discontent. The cold blasts held off so long that most of the good people who are able to bestow sympathy upon the needy poor began to congratulate themselves that Providence was tempering the winds to the shorn lambs of poverty, who do so abound in our country these hard times. Now, however, winter has come with all that the name implies, bringing new tremor to the tones of the squalid little beggars that cowers in the alley-ways and shiver to leeward of awning-posts; quickening the chatter of the teeth that are unacquainted with viands, and finally closing in the sleep of death the eyelids from which hunger has banished slumber. Even the sunshine itself is cold, like the benevolence of those who pity the poor, but give only unto themselves. Never before has such a state of things been known in this city as exists here now. It is estimated that fully one-tenth of the population are in absolute want, the want that looks starvation in the face. And the sorrowful cases that could be related are not confined to the humbler classes, whose poor we have always with us, but includes people who have been comfortable and held their heads high in the world. Many of these are persons of both sexes, who lost their positions in the Departments during the last year and have not since known what to do, or how, for want of means, to get away from the city. They try to keep respectable and conceal their

wants, even avoiding those who knew them in better days. The various departments are daily the scenes of the efforts of this class to obtain work of any kind, and at any price, that will give them bread and clothing.

Every day, thinly clad widows in scores, with pinched and half starved faces, with shivering little children, with no bread and no hope for bread save through any kind of honest labor that may be doled out to them, supplicate of the appointing powers something, anything, that will keep them and their little ones from starving. A few days ago I walked down a prominent street, I met a gentleman I knew, who less than two years ago held a fine position at a good salary in the Treasury Department. He walked with me some blocks, and in talking over the times he said, "I give you my word that to-day my children have no bread, and when you met me I had made up my mind that if any one drove up who wanted their horses held, and would pay a quarter, I would do it, and buy at least bread for my wife and children." Such cases are numerous, and beyond the reach of any financial legislation, but as they are the outgrowth of a state of things that exists all over this country, they suggest the inquiry "What is Congress going to do for the relief of the people?" Something must be done speedily. Time enough has already been consumed in masterly inactivity. If things go on in this way much longer the larger class of business men, those of moderate means, who are more or less encumbered, will be crowded to the wall, and the entire real property of the country fall into the hands of monied men. Only a few days ago I noticed the forced sale of a fine milling property belonging to an old acquaintance in a western State. The property was new and in splendid condition. It was economically and advantageously built, at a cost of \$30,000, and sold under the hammer for \$5,000. This sort of thing is hard—it is robbery.

Undoubtedly the silver bill will pass the Senate and by such a majority as to render a veto useless. Of course this is not a panacea for all our ills, but it may be one step in the direction of relief. Outside of the money centers and the monied interests, the appeals that have come to Congress indicate an almost unanimous public sentiment. Let the assembled wisdom of the country, yept statesmen, devote themselves to legislation—to the public business, and not to politics; let official stealing and robbery be stopped and subsidies be turned out to grass, then we shall in good time witness a gradual return to confidence, business prosperity, and general welfare. PUONO.

Mr. Carlin's New Pictures.

Since the production of Hon. C. M. Dennison's pictures of Carlton Island, which our citizens have had an opportunity of admiring in the windows of Buckingham's, Mr. John Carlin, the artist, has been busily engaged in painting two pictures for the Artists' Fund Society. These he has completed and they are ready to be forwarded to New York for exhibition and sale. The first is a view of Old Fort Carlton. A striking point in the beautiful scenery of the St. Lawrence is accurately and beautifully presented in this painting. Nothing that Mr. Carlin has done offers better evidence of his skill. A mellow sunset illumines the historic point, and while the lighter colors of the picture delight the eye, the shadows are not less faithfully and conscientiously elaborated. The second painting gives us a view of Pulpit Rock at Nahant, and is a charming coast view.

These pictures are to be placed in the Artists' Fund Exhibition next week, and to be sold for the benefit of the society, of which Mr. Carlin is a member. Before they are despatched to New York, however, they will be placed on exhibition at Buckingham's for a few days. We advise our lovers of art to go and see them.

Mr. Carlin, who has been for some time the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John G. Brown, is about to take leave of Utica. Wherever he may go, he will find no warmer friends than those which his art and his daily have won for him here.—*Utica Daily Observer.*

—The report of the Superintendent of State prisons shows a deficiency of \$317,411 for the last fiscal year. During the first five months of the year when the prisons were controlled by inspectors the deficiency was \$216,058. During the last seven months under a superintendent the deficiency was only \$101,352. On assuming charge the superintendent found 1,381 convicts at Sing Sing, of whom only 589 were earning anything.

"Do you believe in the use of the rod, my dear Professor?" asked a lady whose children were making life a burden to all the guests at the hotel. "In some cases, madam; but there are others," glancing at her gamboling darling, "where I prefer the revolver."

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P. P. P. P.

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